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SCOTT C. BONE, Editor.  
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**DISTRICT AFFAIRS.**  
President Taft now has in his hands the resignations—voluntarily tendered in each instance, despite idle gossip to the contrary—of the two civil Commissioners of the District of Columbia. They have rendered conspicuous public service—service that will grow in importance and appraisement as it is the more fully analyzed. Their tenure of office embraces a period of Washington's greatest development; the years in which this beautiful Capital has made its finest and best strides and become the pride of the people of the whole country. To have had a potential part in the administration of the affairs of this governmental city during such a proud era is an honor, indeed, for the two retiring Commissioners, and an honor that will endure.  
Mr. Macfarland having some time ago matured his idea to enter upon the practice of law, he acted wisely, as we view it, in at once supplementing the unexpected step of his colleague by tendering his own resignation. The somewhat dramatic coincidence—coincidental it is, and nothing more—brings District affairs prominently to the attention of the President at an opportune time, just before the reassembling of Congress, and enables him to reorganize the board at one turn. That he will choose to fill the vacancies men of highest character, worthy of the trust, may safely be taken for granted in advance. Meanwhile, he shows full faith in Messrs. West and Macfarland, and compliments them at the same time, by asking them to retain their places until he may have time deliberately to choose their successors.  
Perfection is never attained in any form of government, but it is undeniable that the commission plan as applied to abnormal conditions here has worked admirably. It has stood the test. Its faults have been petty, not material. It has resulted in a well-governed city, free from graft and corruption, and, taken as a whole, the most wholesome municipality in the land. All of which redounds to the credit of the officials who have served under that plan.  
And we risk no prophecy in saying that the President and the Congress will think twice and think seriously before proposing or accepting any radical departure from the system which has stood the test so well.  
The City of Washington is Exhibit A—and a convincing exhibit—in answer to any and every argument for a change.

**Football.**  
The simplification of football is a pressing problem not easily to be solved, if solvable at all. That safe and sane rules are much to be desired goes without saying. To get them, and yet leave the game the interesting, nerve-racking, thrilling thing its advocates insist it must be—say, there's the rub!  
The ancient contention that real football players are never killed, coupled with the suggestion that no others should be permitted to play the game, has been exploded pretty thoroughly. Several real football players have been killed this year, and many more permanently injured. It is conceded generally that not all the games played during a season are worth the life of one bright and promising young man, and yet that has strenuously been held not righteously to indict the game beyond hope of rational defense.  
Citation of bull-fighting as at present indulged in in Mexico and Spain, in behalf of a possible simplification and debasing of football, recently noted in a contemporary, is not happy. The sports are not akin the one to the other, and if they were, the argument would remain far from concluded. True, bull-fighting nowadays is attended with small danger to the toreadors and matadors, but it remains decidedly dangerous for the bulls, and the bulls are an indispensable factor in the game. The regulation of football to the extent of giving one side the right to kill the other, but denying to that other the right to play any role except that of a killed, would be decidedly awkward to the latter. The college called upon to furnish the victims surely would balk, and most strenuously, naturally.  
To find a landing place midway between ending or mending football is a quest likely to tax heavily the ingenuity of college authorities. Frankly, we are not sure that any such place is to be located. Some institutions have taken the abolition view, while others, no less conservative and worthy, seemingly incline to accept the incidental slaughter as an unavailing tribute to the god of athletics—the god that must be appeased though the heavens fall! Manifestly, we

have in neither of these conditions a finding that settles anything. Both merely beg the question pressing for solution, and pass it along.  
In the meantime, the football season is drawing to a close, and we shall soon have another year ahead in which to think it over.

**Postmaster Grandfield.**  
Disappointment is felt, naturally, that the new postmaster of Washington is not a local, instead of a departmental, man, but the edge of that disappointment is taken off by the knowledge that he is a Washington man, after all, having lived here many years, and that his splendid record in the postal service guarantees that he will make an efficient postmaster. That is the prerequisite—efficiency—and the wisdom of Mr. Grandfield's appointment cannot, therefore, be challenged.  
All of us want to see the model post-office in Washington, and are in full accord with Mr. Hiltchcock's ambition in that direction. It is the people of Washington who will profit the most by an increase of efficiency. Mr. Grandfield is equipped in an unusual degree to bring about what his superior is striving for, and what Washington should have—the model post-office.  
We wish Postmaster Grandfield well, and entertain not the slightest doubt that he will make good. We greet him cordially, if he does hail from Missouri.

**Manila Made Healthy.**  
Cleanliness and consequent health have followed the flag in the Philippines, as they did in Cuba and Porto Rico and on the isthmus. The chief health officer of the archipelago, Dr. Victor G. Heiser, reports that nearly 400 boards of health have been established in cities and towns where none existed under Spanish rule. In every province there is a central health board. Effective street cleaning, garbage disposal, strict inspection, and isolation of contagious diseases have accomplished a great work.  
Manila presents the most impressive example. That city had been for generations a veritable pest hole, of ill repute throughout the seven seas. It is claimed to-day that Manila is one of the cleanest and healthiest ports in the world. Filth has been literally expelled. The new water supply has cost \$2,000,000, but it is abundant and comes from an uninhabited and well-protected region. A sewer system, hitherto unknown, has been completed at a cost of \$1,600,000. Thirty miles of foul estuaries have been dredged and cleaned. Daily street-sweeping is compulsory, garbage is burned in crematories, and sanitary regulations are enforced. Moreover, their reasonableness and benefit have been explained with patient persistence, so that they are now willingly respected and violations are few. This is a repetition of history that will not be criticised, even by the anti-imperialists.

**Moving Platforms for New York.**  
The proposition of a moving sidewalk under Broadway will receive more serious consideration, now that it has received the approval of the chief engineer of the public utilities commission. If the plan is carried into operation, it will be a novelty in urban transportation. The project would place a stationary sidewalk at the basement level of buildings, which would have display windows and be equipped for the conduct of business. Between these underground platforms would run four moving ways at rates of three, six, nine, and twelve miles an hour in each direction. The highest speed platform would be supplied with seats. One result of this innovation, it is calculated, would be the scattering of retail trade, instead of concentrating it near stations. Passengers could alight from the moving sidewalk at one place as well as at another. They would naturally stop off the platforms at street corners, where there would be access to the surface.  
The plan seems to involve no risk to life or limb, though it will not appeal to the infirm. One advantage would be the saving of the time now lost in the slowing, stopping, and starting of vehicles. That process would all be performed by the passenger. The construction would resemble that of the subways. The principle has been put into practice in several moving stairways at elevated railway stations, which have proved practicable and popular. The experiment will be observed with interest in many other cities.

**Emperor William wants to take an aeroplane trip, but his wife will not let him. This shows that emperors are not so very different, after all.**  
The ultimate consumer being a "myth," the question arises, What happened to the old-time Republican majority in Massachusetts the other day?  
In order to keep within the financial limit, it may be necessary to serve cranberry sauce and turkey next Thanksgiving Day, rather than turkey and cranberry sauce.  
If the Ballinger-Pinchot row beats the Cook-Pearcy discussion to a finish, will somebody kindly telephone us?

**The President fears "Congress will not have time to do all the things it ought to do." A lot of people fear it will not have the inclination, moreover.**  
"How old is Tom Watson?" inquires the Charlotte Observer. We violate no confidence in saying Tom is over seven.  
And now a number of Southern towns are disputing as to which gave the President the best time. There always seems a way to start something down there.  
A St. Louis woman has given up smoking at the age of 104 because she fears it may injure her health. Smokers generally are advised not to put it off so long, however.  
Prof. Linotype is the greatest unconscious humorist in this country. His recent reference to "Bwana Trombone" was immense.  
The fatal flaw in Dr. Cook's past life was his failure to get on the payroll of the United States Navy somewhere along the line, of course.  
The Atlanta Journal seems strangely exercised that Mr. Taft was not welcomed home to Washington with a banquet, a military parade, fireworks, or something. What is the matter with the

Journal? Can it be possible that our usually sunny contemporary is a little "sour" because the President skipped Atlanta on his last trip through the South?  
One contemporary set down 579 as the total number of "dinners and luncheons" attended by Mr. Taft on his swing around the circle. While that is an extravagant error, it probably seems to the President to be about correct.  
Lynchings have been more or less frequent down South, perhaps, so far as Cairo, Ill., has the isolated distinction of having pulled off one participated in by women.

After Senator Aldrich has finished out West, doubtless Senator Lodge may be depended on to tell him of a few spots in New England where a little missionary work might help some.  
All the world apparently joined in wishing King Edward many happy returns. His English majesty is easily the most popular man in the king business anywhere.  
Mr. Oscar Hammerstein recently referred to a rival's opera company as "a bunch of antediluvian lemons." Gracious! What is the matter with Mr. Hammerstein's show?

The fool has nothing in particular on the candidate for office and his money, however.  
If Sir Thomas Lipton will agree to reduce the price of tea, the common people will get behind the New York Yacht Club and insist on a satisfactory revision of those racing rules.

Pennsylvania wrote ten amendments into its constitution last election day. About the year 4285, Pennsylvania is going to consider writing the Ten Commandments into some of its political manuals.  
A Kansas man recently was sentenced to serve 27 years in the penitentiary. If he behaves himself, however, he may get seven or eleven months off the sum total.  
Nevertheless and notwithstanding, a large number of honest people are beginning to love Mr. William Loeb for the enemies he all too plainly has made.

Among those not shocked or surprised at the sugar trust scandals, the name of Senator Alexander Stephens Clay doubtless leads all the rest.  
So there is talk of "the Democratic minority in Congress repudiating Tammany." It would not be a surprise. The Democratic party has succeeded in "repudiating" about everything else that ever helped it win the Presidency.  
New York's new theater is "for the people." It seems. Meaning the people who can stand for \$3 per ticket of admission thereto, in all probability.  
The bookworms do not appear to have interfered with anybody's ability to have the dinner horn, however, North, East, South, or West.  
The cartoonist of the Ohio State Journal—one of the cleverest in the business, by the way—pictures Senator Dick "standing on his record" so effectively that "the record" cannot be seen at all. Surely the Journal does not blame the Senator for that?

**CHAT OF THE FORUM.**  
**Mr. Roosevelt's Omission.**  
From the Boston Transcript.  
A cooling plant for the White House? They took the barn door after the broncho has departed.  
**Mr. Taft on the Farm.**  
From the Philadelphia Press.  
President Taft admits young men to stick to the farm. This is disinterested advice. Mr. Taft was not born on a farm.  
**Mr. Aldrich's Permission.**  
From the Cincinnati News and Courier.  
A contemporary speaks of "Aldrich's mission," but tariff reform in this country seems to need Aldrich's permission.  
**Mr. Wilson on Prosperity.**  
From the Atlanta Constitution.  
Secretary Wilson sees no place for growers in the South. And there is no permanent place. Prosperity is making them "more on."

**Mr. Hiltchcock Is Ready.**  
From the Springfield Republican.  
Postmaster General Hiltchcock has been informed that he is to be much raked at an early day, and he is already out with a denial of the forthcoming accusations.  
**Mr. Loeb's Duty.**  
From the Philadelphia Public Ledger.  
They're after Mr. Loeb all right. It is with difficulty that some importers guard the notion that among the duties of a collector of customs is that of collecting customs.  
**The President's Address.**  
From the Louisville Courier-Journal.  
President Taft is a ubiquitous individual. It has been discovered that his name appears in the city directories of Augusta, Ga.; Beverly, Mass.; Washington, and Cincinnati.  
**Gen. Weston's Retirement.**  
From the New York Sun.  
In the retirement to-day of Maj. Gen. John F. Weston for age the army parts with a veteran of the civil war who is distinguished both by a honorable record and the affection of the entire service.  
**Messrs. Ballinger and Pinchot.**  
From the New York Evening Post.  
In dealing with the Pinchot-Ballinger trouble, President Taft has on his hands a task of the most difficult nature. The probability of its being susceptible to successful treatment by the standard Taft method of good-natured readjustment seems very small.

**WHEN BABY DIED.**  
How brief the stay, as beautiful as fleeting.  
The time that baby came with us to dwell;  
Just long enough to give a happy greeting,  
Just long enough to bid us all farewell.  
Death travels down the thickly settled highway,  
At sliding marks they say he looms to aim;  
How did he find our door so lonely by-way,  
Our little girl who died without a name?  
She seemed so like a tender bird whose wings  
Are broken by the stress of rain and storm;  
With loving care we pressed the golden ringlets,  
And wondered could there be so fair a form;  
For death had chided without pause or falter,  
"Of such the kingdom," comes to us so sweetly,  
No change of some far length of time can alter  
Our little girl who died without a name.  
We do not know the fond endearment spoken  
In such a little word as "my dear little one";  
We do not know the love that was so broken,  
And so, beside a column that was broken,  
We laid her to slumber calm and deep.  
We traced upon the stone with loving fingers  
These simple words, affection's tender claim:  
"In dreams, beyond all length of time can alter  
Our little girl who died without a name."  
Close folded there within the Bible hidden,  
A flower fades that with no care we breed;  
Upon the page where such she is so hidden,  
To seek the circle of his arms for rest.  
"Of such the kingdom," comes to us so sweetly,  
No little one without a touch of blame;  
We know he shelters in his love completely,  
Our little girl who died without a name.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

**ONE REFORM.**  
The blanket ballot is too big.  
Looks like a mat;  
No need to have the voting rig  
As wide as that.  
But when the women run the town.  
So I surmise;  
They'll trim the blanket ballot down  
To doily size.  
**Did His Best.**  
"You say he kissed your hands?"  
"He did."  
"He's pretty slow, eh?"  
"It wasn't his fault that he only kissed my hands. I was holding them over my face at the time."  
**A Wealthy Pair.**  
"Who are you?" inquired the first inmate of the asylum.  
"I'm Hendrik Hudson," replied the second inmate. "I own Manhattan Island. And who are you?"  
"I'm Jacob Webster. I get one cent royalty on every word used. Gimme eleven cents for them words you just spoke."

**The Rules.**  
He who fights and runs away  
May revolute another day.  
But he who trips or stubs his toe,  
Is counted out on points, you know.  
**Spectral Fauna.**  
"Doc, I can't sleep."  
"Try counting sheep."  
"Sheep ain't what I see, doc. Sheep wouldn't scare me enough to keep me awake."  
**When She Enjoys the News.**  
"They say that women don't read the news."  
"Mere libel. They lump their reading, that's all. Ever watch a woman putting newspaper coverings on the pantry shelves?"  
**Understands It Better.**  
"She says she likes football better now."  
"Yes; a stranger in the stand got so excited that he hugged her every time there was a spectacular play."

**PRO AND CON.**  
Richmond Times-Dispatch: The Washington Herald editorially considers "The Ideal Wife." We note that it is a short article.  
Mac-on News: The Washington Herald thinks it may be the hook worm that has the old free-trade sentiment down South.  
Montgomery Advertiser: The Washington Herald says "red rum may be had in Alabama the same as ever." Now, what do you think of that?  
Johnstown Democrat: The Washington Herald is it going to stand pat on the Bible. So many people are standing pat on it, never taking time to look inside.  
Boston Traveler: For The Washington Herald's Not Yet But Soon Society we respectfully suggest a good word from the President for that abused old saint, Joe Cannon.

**Savannah Press:** The Washington Herald is right: "So far as Georgia is concerned, the bookworms all take to the woods whenever a gubernatorial campaign opens up."  
Winston-Salem Journal: The Washington Herald says that a shake-up is likely among Virginia Federal office-holders. That would be such a pity, because men never like to lose Federal jobs.  
Augusta Chronicle: The Washington Herald speaks of Capt. Archie Butt as being of "cracker extraction." When any one is of Georgia cracker extraction, it means he is of crackerjack extraction.  
Charlotte Observer: That dear Washington Herald thinks the Observer about to claim "Ty Cobb for North Carolina. Not so; but this State has a native high in the political realm whom it would swap, with enormous boot, for Cobb.

**Bookworm Spirit:** "Perhaps the bookworm is what ails that old free-trade sentiment down South," suggests The Washington Herald. It certainly did show strong symptoms of "that tired feeling" during the last session of Congress.  
**Elmhurst Advertiser:** A summer girl has used her erstwhile seaside fiancé for breach of promise. This moves The Washington Herald to inquire if there are "no harmless amusements that may be regarded as safe any longer in this country?"  
**Terre Haute Tribune:** Senator "Jeff" Davis says Mr. Taft is a "four-flusher." The Washington Herald, who entertains a high regard for the President, goes to the latter's defense with the suggestion that Mr. Taft may have inherited a slice of the proverbial "Roosevelt good luck." From which we infer that the President is sitting in the game.

**Not Within His Rights.**  
From Life.  
"Can I have two good seats, well down, not behind a post, and on the aisle?" asked the quiet gentleman at the box office window.  
"Three dollars apiece," replies the ticket seller, slamming out two tickets that called for seats in the last row, behind a post, and in the middle of the row, at that.  
"But these aren't what I want," objects the man.  
"Can't help that. Got to take 'em or nothin'," responds the ticket seller, obviously irritated.  
"Look here, young man, that's no way to talk to people who come here to buy seats."  
"Huh! You talk as if you owned the theater."  
"I do. I happen to be the new owner."  
"Then get away and let people that want to buy seats have a chance. You know very well you can get in for nothing."

**Possible in Boston.**  
From the Boston Traveler.  
Here are a few not at all impossible story beginnings:  
"An automobile ran wild on Washington street yesterday, injuring seriously 19 women, 11 children, and 24 candidates for mayor of Boston."  
"The great train finished his message and in search of a messenger turned hastily to the nearest candidate for mayor of Boston. 'Here, he said—'  
"The crowd at the football game to-day is the largest of the year. There are in the stadium some 10,000 women, 2 private citizens, and over 2,000 candidates for mayor of Boston."

**Of No Use.**  
From the Princeton Tiger.  
Hotel Clerk—Do you want a room with a bath?  
Uncle Hiram—Vaal, no-o; I don't calculate I'll be here Saturday night.  
**Its Nature.**  
From the Baltimore American.  
"I am compiling a book for the use of pedicures."  
"Suppose it is made up largely of footnotes."

PEOPLE AND THINGS

**Hail to the Cranberry!**  
It is a strange report that several of our cranks make that people in England, France, and Germany will not eat cranberries. They turn up their noses at this hairy and delicious delicacy, and decline to be charmed by its red allurements or by the sweet tang of its flavor. This report comes in the very face of estimates that the cranberry crops of Cape Cod and of other tracts in the United States are bountiful. It is to be remembered that de gustibus non disputandum. The statistics of commerce can remain tranquil. There is no accounting for tastes. There is little demand over here for haggis, yet Scotland takes 250,000 tons of haggis to popularize the quail have met but indifferent response; but the French offer no retaliation. Germany is calm, even when Americans turn away from the scent of one of its most famous exports, and can be international retaliations on a question of the palate. Nevertheless and notwithstanding, hail to the cranberry!

**A Great Railway Inventory.**  
For the first time in its history the Pennsylvania Railroad is making an inventory of every piece of property in its possession. Every spike, cross-tie, rail, piece of soap, waste basket, and even penholder, is to be accounted for as if it were one of the most recent type of locomotive or steam engine. The inventory is being made up by the company at its Altoona shops. The order came as a surprise, directly from President McCrea. Teams of two or three men were sent to every division of the system, with orders to see that every pound of metal at the division shops was noted on the statements. Tools, lathes, and all machinery are being examined and marked down on the books. Other men were detailed to walk each supervisor's district and account for every bit of material sent to each supervisor. Not a scrap of material or piece of equipment or rolling stock is to be missed.

**A Cat of the Sea.**  
The cat that came back seems to have sailed from Norfolk the other day on the Norwegian steamship Minerva. The sailors declare that the cat boarded the Minerva of her own free will at the Lambert Point coal pier over a year ago, and that she sat on the pier waiting for a cargo of coal for Portland, Ore., and in some way the cat got left behind when she lifted anchor and steamed on her 3,000-mile voyage. She had been at her destination eight days when one morning the cat again walked on board, and the only way the sailors could figure out how she got there was that she had swum away below; but several days later the mystery was solved when it was discovered that after the Minerva had left Norfolk the cat boarded a British steamer going the same way, and, recognizing members of the crew of the Minerva at Portland, followed them back to the ship. The cat got her picture in the papers on the Pacific Coast for that, and she is still with the ship.  
**New Orleans and the Navy.**  
The New Orleans Board of Trade has begun a campaign to make that city the naval base for the Gulf of Mexico. The local complaint is that the Navy Department does not send work enough there. Moreover, there is a natural desire for an appropriation. Accordingly, there is to be agitation throughout the Mississippi Valley designed to express the sentiment that the city of New Orleans is a natural base for the Navy. It is claimed that more ships than hitherto are likely to be placed in reserve, and that they can be most economically maintained in New Orleans, because of the frequent cleaning unnecessary. Moreover, metal hulls do not deteriorate so rapidly as in salt or brackish water. New Orleans wishes also greater use made of the naval pier, and gave it to the city. Immediately, seeing victory within her grasp, she quietly stole forth and made her way unseen toward home.  
**City Milk for Children.**  
The city of Rochester has reduced the death rate of children by establishing milk depots. During ten years previous the average number of deaths of infants under one year was 4,97. Since 1897, when the innovation began, there has been a reduction of more than 30 per cent, without taking into account the reduction of population. The director of this work estimates that it is possible to obtain a supply of milk in summer which can save the life of a city which has a population of 200,000, at an expenditure of about \$1,000. For smaller cities the cost would be less. It is estimated that 375,000 babies under one year old died in this country last year, and putting the economic value of a baby at \$90, the total loss foots up to \$33,750,000.

**Progress in Afghanistan.**  
The new Amer of Afghanistan, Habib Ullah, encourages the traffic in arms. It is said that for a long time past rifles in large quantities have been entering the country, both from the Pathan and the Persian side. Report says that even the Hindus are now permitted to carry arms, and that the Afghan commander-in-chief, Nasrullah Khan, proposes to raise a Hindu corps by means of conscription. He is understood to be exercising artillery constantly, having instituted prizes for skillful marksmanship. All this is creating some uneasiness in India. In another respect the Amer is showing a progressive spirit. He is beginning to turn his attention to the building of good roads, in spite of the traditional antipathy of every Afghan to any measure having a tendency to open up the country. But the Amer is the possessor of several motor cars, and is beginning to realize that they will not be of much use to him if he has no roads on which to run them.

**Ineffective Prohibition.**  
Prohibition continues not to prohibit. Thus in Missouri this year more than half the counties without licensed saloons, but, according to a report just filed with Gov. Hadley by the State beer inspector, the collections under the beer stamp law are nearly \$19,000 greater this year than last, when the area of "wet" territory was much larger. This report covers a period of ten months, including October, and the increased sales indicated by it must have been of beer consumed in the State, because that made for sale outside of it is not subject to the tax. It is not how he stumbled, and this beverage went into the "dry" counties. That is a secret of the manufacturers.  
**Home Training.**  
From Judge.  
When Willie's father came home to supper there was a vacant chair at the table.  
"Well, where's the boy?"  
"William is upstairs in bed." The answer came with painful precision from the sad-faced mother.  
"Why, where's the boy? Not sick, is he?" (An anxious pause.)  
"It grieves me to say, Robert, that our son—our son—has been heard swearing on the street! I heard him!"  
"Swearing?" Scott! I'll teach him to swear." And he started upstairs in the dark. Half way up he stumbled, and came down with his chin on the top step.  
When the atmosphere cleared a little Willie's mother was saying sweetly from the hallway: "That will do, dear. You have given him enough for one lesson."

**Latest in Eskirrhymes.**  
A little igloo now and then  
Is relished by the Eskimoes.  
—Washington Herald.  
A little candle, scented with a knife,  
Is relished by the Eskimoes.  
—Philadelphia Evening Telegraph.  
And there behind, in rhyme arrayed,  
The items of an Eskimoes.  
—Norfolk Landmark.  
A little gumdrop, this is true,  
Is relished by the Eskimoes.  
—Detroit Free Press.  
A little blubber, raw or wild,  
Is relished by the Eskimoes.  
—Cleveland Plain Dealer.  
The all of which shows just how hard  
The grid is for the Eskimoes.  
—Buffalo Evening News.  
But poets might defect a gap  
'Tween truth and Peary's Eskimoes.  
—Brooklyn Eagle.  
And think that Peary, in straits dire,  
Reluctant to find an Eskimoes.  
—Florida Times-Union.  
A little pemican to chew  
Is welcomed by the Eskimoes.  
—Chicago Record-Herald.  
Is that because you mean, you wag,  
She doesn't like to clean her head?  
—Birmingham Age-Herald.  
We could keep this up all fall,  
But fear it would make the Eskimoes  
—St. Louis Times.

A MEXICAN CHURCH.

**That of Santo Domingo One of the Largest in Existence.**  
From the New York American.  
Larger than Westminster, larger even than St. Paul's, is the Church of Santo Domingo. This great edifice, renowned in many countries, is known not only for its size, but for the beauty and the many historic events entwined in its history. The church was built on consecrated ground, having been the site of the martyrdom of two Dominican priests, who were killed by Indians in the time of Cortez.  
By 1509 there were a number of Dominican friars in Oaxaca, and the question of erecting a church and convent for the use of the order was agitated. The exact date of the building is not known, but it must have been shortly after the middle of the sixteenth century they began the work with a few laborers, who gave their services, and every member of the order worked hard collecting money. A petition was sent to the King of Spain for assistance, to which he responded generously. From time to time the King sent other contributions, and there was no halt in the work.  
St. Paul's Cathedral in London measures 510 feet by 250 feet, and cost \$2,740, 770, or 1,497,540 pesos, or some 5,000,000 pesos less than Santo Domingo. Some idea of the size of the structure can be obtained when it is considered that four buildings, the size of Westminster Abbey, could be set on the ground covered by the Dominican Temple. At the present time, however, only a small part of the church is used for worship, the other portions having been converted into barracks by the government.  
Owing to the great height and thickness of the walls of the church, it has been used for a fort on any and every occasion when necessary. No wars, however, marred the serenity of the early Dominican, and each year saw the church increasing in wealth. The library was ranked among the greatest in the republic. The interior was decorated in many places with pure gold.  
**CURING JOHNNY.**  
**Some Difficulty Found in Reforming Young America.**  
From the St. Louis Star.  
Her little son, as the result of association with boys "over on the corner lot," had come into possession of some youthful profanity which did not meet with her approval. Ever anxious, Johnny would employ a curse word which shocked his mother and caused no end of embarrassment. Argument and threats failed. Finally, in desperation, she informed him the next time he cursed he would have to go away.  
"Where will I go, ma?" was the innocent query.  
"I don't know, but you will have to go somewhere. Any little boy who swears cannot remain with us."  
Johnny pondered long and well over this, and for a few days did his best to follow the straight and narrow path of verbal repression. The reform was short-lived, however, and in a week he was cursing at every opportunity.  
On the occasion of a particularly bad swear word his mother quietly took a little grip, packed it with his blouse and in a hair brush, and gave it to him. Johnny sniffed a little at first, and then with a lingering glance into her eyes took up his grip and departed manfully down the street. When he reached home, and happened to see the method of punishment which had the desired effect, the mother watched him from the window. A half block down the street she saw him deposit his grip, seat himself on the curb, and bury his head in his hands. Immediately, seeing victory within her grasp, she quietly stole forth and made her way unseen toward home.  
A kindly faced man was approaching from the opposite direction, and noticing the youngster on the curb, advanced toward him with a question. "Can you tell me where Mr. and Mrs. Baxter live, my little man?" he inquired, as the mother came close upon the two. There was silence for a moment, and then Johnny, uplifting his tear-stained face, and with resolution on his features, exclaimed vehemently, "Oh, go to—; I've got troubles of my own!"

**Only One Polite Man.**  
From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.  
She pranced into the car and gave a sweeping, comprehensive glance about the car for a seat, like a dog looking over a pile of lumber behind a barn to see which way a rat is going to jump out.  
The car was not crowded—just filled—and many of the seats were occupied by men. Nobody laid down his paper and the little woman reached for a strap.  
Then she sighted the motorman and hastened up to the front platform like a person who has just thought of something.  
"Passengers are not allowed to stand on this platform," the motorman told her.  
"Can't you make an exception in my case?" she asked. "I shall certainly do no harm out here."  
"It's against the rules," insisted the motorman.  
She opened the front door and started back into the car with an air of one resigned to obedience. As she did so she made this remark to the motorman, while the hearing of everybody else in the car:  
"Well, I suppose I can stand inside, but I thought I would rather be where there was at least one man polite enough not to sit down when there's a lady standing up."

**The Difference.**  
From the Savannah News.  
There is this difference between Rockefeller and Carnegie; the former discourages the bookworm, and the latter encourages the bookworm.  
**LATEST IN ESKIRRHYES.**  
A little igloo now and then  
Is relished by the Eskimoes.  
—Washington Herald.  
A little candle, scented with a knife,  
Is relished by the Eskimoes.  
—Philadelphia Evening Telegraph.  
And there behind, in rhyme arrayed,  
The items of an Eskimoes.  
—Norfolk Landmark.  
A little gumdrop, this is true,  
Is relished by the Eskimoes.  
—Detroit Free Press.  
A little blubber, raw or wild,  
Is relished by the Eskimoes.  
—Cleveland Plain Dealer.  
The all of which shows just how hard  
The grid is for the Eskimoes.  
—Buffalo Evening News.  
But poets might defect a gap  
'Tween truth and Peary's Eskimoes.  
—Brooklyn Eagle.  
And think that Peary, in straits dire,  
Reluctant to find an Eskimoes.  
—Florida Times-Union.  
A little pemican to chew  
Is welcomed by the Eskimoes.  
—Chicago Record-Herald.  
Is that because you mean, you wag,  
She doesn't like to clean her head?  
—Birmingham Age-Herald.  
We could keep this up all fall,  
But fear it would make the Eskimoes  
—St. Louis Times.

**To See the Wind.**  
From the Kansas City Star.  
Seeing the wind is a rare but easy feat. The object wherewith it may be seen is a common saw. On any blowy day—the wind being, say, in the north—hold your saw with the end pointing, one to the east, the other to the west. Take the saw as if you were going to cut the air upward, and let the teeth, which are on top, tilt over till the flat part of the saw is in the wind. The teeth will then be horizontal. You will then see the wind. Looking along the teeth of the saw you will see the wind pour over them as plainly as you may see water pouring over a fall.

AT THE HOTELS.

"Europe is full of artists who, as far as line and color go, can turn out admirable copies of anything," said an American Business of New York and Paris at the New Willard yesterday. "These copies are made on old canvases mounted on a framework of old wood, and, when the paint is dry, the picture is put through an ingenious aging process. A certain kind of varnish gives a rippled golden tone, and a deepening of shadows, with a suggestion of the soil of centuries, is obtained by smearing with floorice juice. As for the cracked paint surface—sure sign of age—that is obtained by rubbing the picture carefully in an oven, or by laying a plaque of metal on the canvas and striking it gently with a hammer. Worm holes in the frame or panels are merely a matter of the shot hole, and in afterward picked out. And if specks to deceive the flies themselves may be had by the judicious spatter of India ink."

"No doubt," added the expert, "the sure connoisseur there is something hard and cold about the copies, something vaguely unsatisfying; but no one can deny that they are much like the originals—no more than the copies of the museums of Europe, all unsuspecting. Have hung their walls with these mellow masterpieces of yesterday. It is said, for instance, that Rembrandt's portrait of Suseki in the Louvre is not the original at all, but only a copy, the original being in Russia."

"Dinah was an old-fashioned negro mammy, the kind that has almost entirely disappeared, God-fearing and faithful, and she used to do our family washing until a week before she climbed the golden stairs," said N. C. Ferry, of Atlanta, Ga., at the Raleigh.  
"Dinah in her days was a slave. She was deeply religious, and at campmeeting time her sonorous voice could be heard almost a mile away. Whenever she used to call for the family wash it was her great delight to talk to me or my wife on religion. Dinah's desire to know and to learn and her views on subjects relating to the early Christian martyrs were unique and amusing."  
"Have you ever heard of Nero, Dinah?" I asked her on occasion.  
"No, Mrs. Ferry; neber heard ob dat ge-man," said the old negro woman.  
"He was a bad man, and lived many hundred years ago," I explained, and Dinah became silent. "I know," she said, "he was a very bad man, and it used to be his favorite amusement to kill Christians, boll them in oil, lock them up with wild animals, and make them fight with bare hands against a bunch of brags."  
"Dey must a-been cold folks, white Christians, I reckon," ventured Dinah, righteous indignation in every word.  
"Why; how is that, Dinah?"  
"Cause the postman always walks away when cold folks gets de worst of it."

Speaking of the souvenir postal card business, William B. Felder, of New York, who was seen at the Arlington, said that the souvenir card craze originated in Portland, Me., and that photographers of that city have taken more views all over the world than any other men engaged in the business in this country.  
"From Labrador to the Pacific," continued Mr. Felder, "from the Gulf to the desolate Hudson Bay posts in the far north, men have wandered with their camera on their continent, and to-day many of them are journeying throughout Asia, Africa, and the countries of Europe taking photographs and sending them to the States."  
Mr. Felder, of Portland, was the first man to manufacture the souvenir post card. It was in 1886 that the first view card was put on the market. Previous to that time souvenir albums containing halftone views of the continent, and made by a combination of views of the White Mountains, and sold for 5 cents. These cards were on sale on the railroad trains, and at the hotels, and the demand for them was brisk. They could only be had through the mails with a 2-cent stamp, and only the address could be written on the reverse side.  
"In four years," added Mr. Felder, "the business began to grow rapidly, and in 1890 Mr. Leighton went to Germany and arranged for the production of what is now known as the colored souvenir post card. To avoid the payment of the postage, he mailed them. The expedient was hit upon by a man to Germany an immense number of uncut post cards of the United States. On the back of these were printed the four colors, and, that time chiefly views of famous resorts, such as White Mountains, Bar Harbor, Newport, Fort Monroe, and Washington. The cards of that time were crude compared with those of to-day. About all the cards used in the past were made in Germany. The Germans have the advantage of many skilled workmen, and the cost of production there is much less than it is in the United States."

J. N. Williams, of Le Claire, Iowa, who was seen at the Riggs, speaking of Washington's trees, said he entertained the greatest admiration for trees of all kinds, but particularly the "old green tree of the Mississippi Valley."  
"It stands near the banks of the river in Le Claire," said Mr. Williams. "How long it has stood there nobody knows. It was there when the first white man came to this country, spreading his branches wide, and inviting the weary wanderer in the wilderness to rest himself. It stood there long before that for it has a place in the traditions of the red men of the Mississippi Valley."  
The old tree, said Mr. Williams, could not help being a conspicuous landmark. It is not tall, as trees grow, but it spreads far. From circumference to circumference it measures more than 100 feet. It has a trunk a line more than 200 feet long to measure around its outermost branches. It is an elm and remarkably well preserved.  
"In the days of the '40s, before Le Claire had the title of city, the tree was a favorite resort for the boys, and their old swimming hole was under its shade. Few of those boys are left to-day. Some were killed or died in the civil war, some emigrated to the land of gold and never returned, while others have been dropping off one by one."  
"In more recent years," added Mr. Williams, "and during the time that rafting and river traffic were at their height, the tree was a home for tramps and 'bums,' and also river men who were crooked and waiting to catch a boat either up or down the river. It was by these men given the name of 'The Green Tree Hotel,' hence, the name 'Green Tree,' and it is now known as such from one end of the Mississippi to the other. If the old tree could talk, it doubtless could reveal many a dark and deep-laid plot to crack a safe or hold up a train, for all kinds of men have found refuge under its broad and protecting branches."

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